

Knight Hospital Record.

TERMS \$1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 1.--NO. 29.

NEW HAVEN, CT., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

ANSWER TO "JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE MOTHER."

No, I'll not forget you, darling,
Though the cruel chance of war
Leaves you on the field of battle,
Where I'll never see you more—
Leaves you where the cry of "Onward!"
Troubles not your slumber deep—
Leaves you where the din of battle
Cannot wake you from your sleep!
No, I'll not forget you, darling,
Though if one fond pressure, more
Could be granted to me, darling,
'Twould not leave my heart so sore,

No, I'll not forget you, darling,
O, 'tis strange that you should ask,
When my thoughts from morn till even'g,
Round your very soul are clasped;
Let it ever like a halo
Round your rugged pathway shine—
The love of Mother, God and Heaven,
Let it round your soul be twined.
No I'll not forget, &c.

No I'll not forget you, darling,
But oh, the time has been so long
Since the morning that you left me
To defend the right from wrong.
Till now I feel my sad heart sinking,
When this raging strife is ended,
And your comrades reach their home,
No, I'll not forget, &c.

No, I'll not forget you, darling,
Be thou always brave and true,
God will guard you there as safely
As beneath my roof he'd do.
And perchance, when all is over,
You with others, too, may come,
Crying—"Victory is ours."
While we give you welcome home.
No, I'll not forget you, &c.

For the Record.

CAMP REMINISCENCES.—NO. 1.

BY G. H.

Through the wild and mountainous regions of the Old Dominion State, there has ever existed an element containing a vein of anecdote and story, which only need to be woven together to form sketches of a highly interesting and entertaining character. In Harper's Magazine, a few years ago, appeared the writings of Port Crayon. He gives personal experience of the rough, wild scenes of the dense forests, almost impenetrable swamps and craggy mountains, and occasionally he meets a gouty and grouchy planter, and tells funny things about him and his negroes. But these sketches were written a long time ago, before the red blood of treason had stained the once bright name and fame of the state made sacred by its acts and deeds of former times. Since then her soil has trembled under the tread of immense armies, and the very hills have been shaken by the power of artillery, in our successful efforts to wipe out the dark cloud of sin that

has so long floated like an evil spirit over the land, excluding, for the time, our boasted peace, happiness and prosperity. In our connection with the armies of Virginia, since the summer of '62, we have necessarily become familiarized with the country and the people, and have had a experience among the natives, whites and blacks, containing a spice of humorous interest. We have seen the F. F. V.'s flying from their homes before our advancing legions, while their slaves have been suddenly transformed to masters and mistresses, and transferred from meagre huts to gorgeous parlors, from bare floors to Brussels carpets, from pots and kettles to sofas and pianos, from staid fare to sumptuous repasts—but without further introduction, inviting you, dear readers, for companions in arms, we will sling our knapsacks, and go over in imagination some of the historic campaigns that we once in reality participated in.

In July, 1862, we enlisted, having at that time arrived at the independent age of 21. A mother's heart was filled with pleasurable grief, sisters wept, and a venerable father counseled and advised, and each and all poured forth a blessing and God speed as we stepped on board a car, and were whirled towards the seat of war. The time we arrived in Washington, and as Washington was a great place in our opinion, in fact, the nucleus of our ambition, we thought we ought to look around a while and see the patriots, and they enlisted because they loved their country. There were no bounty-jumpers then, neither were there substitutes bought by patriotic "men of millions," who would tremble at every turn of the terrible "wheel of fortune," but for the fact that each day they realized from Government enough to establish a representative in the army the next.

And so we were allowed a few hours' stroll among the people of Washington city, and we visited the Capitol; and as we went up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, mingling incongruously with Congressmen, Foreign Ministers, Generals, and all grades of notables, and enjoying all the privileges of the masses—but one; they wouldn't sell us any whiskey,—only for that we were as good as the best.

But the time arrived for us to leave all these National scenes and surroundings, for the rough and awful ones of active service, and after 'right-facing to the left,' and 'front-facing to the rear' a few times, we commenced our first march; through the crowded thoroughfares, over the Potomac, via Long Bridge, and for the first time set foot on the soil of Virginia—soil destined to be made immortal by events that have eclipsed all history and surprised a world. An afternoon over dusty roads and under a melting sun, without water, and we reached a point on Arlington Heights, about seven miles out of Washington city, and pitching our tents in an old peach orchard—an old peach orchard that every soldier knows about—we got beneath them, pretty tired, but nevertheless in tip-top spirits, for the thing was a novelty, and, too, we had a favorable prospect of a fair night's sleep. But alas for the hollowness of expectation! No sooner had we fairly composed ourselves and eaten a cracker,

than a breeze sprung up which gradually increased, until it assumed the proportion and strength of a hurricane, and it shook our frail houses to the very foundations. However, we didn't mind it, but only chatted and smoked the harder, and talked and laughed the merrier, for we had embraced the soldier's motto of 'free and happy always.'—Harder the wind blew, and faster the rain fell, until it seemed as if the heavens were let loose with the intent of again deluging the earth, or blowing it away. The last story was told, and drawing our pipe from our mouth, stroked an intrusive rain-drop from our nose, and sank into sweet unconsciousness, to dream of homes, mothers, sweethearts, wives, babies and the like. But our dreams were short, short as they were pleasant, and we awoke. The rain still pelted down, and our tent and clothing were dank and dripping, while underneath us flowed little rivulets. Bedrenched as we were, it was useless to undertake to right matters, and it would have been fool-hardiness to look for new lodgings. So we rolled over, and tried to go to sleep, and tried on till morning, and the final result was, that we didn't succeed, but lay awake all night. At the approach of daylight voices were heard without, and attempting to arise, we found more bed-clothes than we could conveniently throw off; but we could crawl out, and we did. A pretty spectacle was presented, and what had and viewed it, it is laughable to say that had been pitched the night before, and a dozen were standing, and the joke was, we didn't see anybody stirring. A good many of them couldn't stir. As the morning advanced, things were re-constructed, and it was amusing to see the boys as they were uncovered, pull themselves out of the red, spongy mud that had been their beds, stare, wonder, realize and laugh. An old parable was brought to mind, about the wise man that built a house upon a rock, and his neighbor that didn't, and we profited by it.

This was the first introduction of the 1st Regiment to camp life—an introduction not calculated to give raw recruits a very favorable impression of life on the tented field—and yet it was experience that we laughed at afterwards, when we had gained the coveted and proud title of old soldiers.

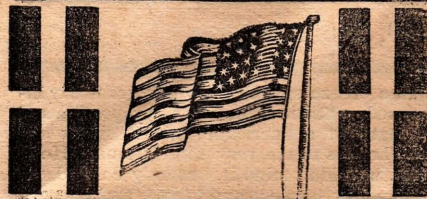
The sun rose bright and beautiful, and soon ours was a busy and pleasant camp-ground. Clothes were dried, guns and equipments cleaned, and we were ordered for drill. No matter about our drill, it was similar to all first drills, and if we didn't know 'right shoulder shift' from 'support,' nor a 'right by file into line' from a 'right turn,' its nobody's business, for we know all about it now. Suffice it that the Colonel dismissed us after two hours of hard labor, not to be called up again till dress parade. And such a dress parade as it was. We had had one or two dress parades before then, but never with muskets and accoutrements, and it was not strange that there should be mistakes and incidents of a comical character. One, we distinctly remember, and always shall, and as it is ridiculous enough to make any body laugh, will give it about as it happened. In every military company there is a clown or a fool, or something of the kind, and I am

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

KNIGHT HOSPITAL RECORD.

The Knight Hospital Record.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 19, 1865.



Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's Banner streaming o'er us.

Assassination of our Noble President.

Abraham Lincoln, the great, the good, the true, the brave, the much loved President of the United States, is dead—killed by the hand of a traitor—an assassin. When the first news of this dreadful tragedy was given us, we could not believe it, thinking that it was only one of the thousand untrue rumors which are circulated through our Northern cities every day, therefore we placed little reliance upon it, until the official confirmation from Washington, relieved our doubts and plunged our heart in woe, at the dreadful event.

Last week our little paper contained the joyful news of Lee's surrender, to-day we chronicle the death of one of America's wisest statesmen. Cool and considerate, kind almost to a fault, Abraham Lincoln stood pre-eminent among the Presidents of the United States. He was another Washington, a true patriot, and the great benefactor of his government, and Abraham Lincoln preserved it. Sad and is the calamity which has befallen the nation in mourning and appalled the hearts of all the loyal people of the United States with horror, with the dark and terrible deed which has deprived us of our best, our noblest citizen. Ever ready to extend the hand of charity and friendship to the poor and afflicted, ever ready to grant pardon to the guilty rebels, who have robbed us of our loved ones, when they would return to their allegiance to the Government, was the one who, for four long years guided with his own right hand our noble ship through the breakers which have beset it on every side, threatening at times to engulf it and plunge the Republic into the dark abyss of ruin. We had hoped that he would be spared to carry through the good work which he had so nobly begun. But God willed it otherwise, and let us hope that it is for the best. Let it not discourage us, but rather let the thought nerve us to greater exertion in putting down this accursed rebellion which has brought sadness and sorrow to so many hearts, and by which we have now lost a guardian, a true friend to all.

Individuals at times have mourned the loss of a kind friend, a brother or sister; or perhaps more deeply mourned the loss of a dear father or mother. Congregations have mourned over the loss of a much loved pastor, whom they have been associated with for many years; and cities have mourned for an esteemed citizen. But now it is not one individual, or one congregation, or one city or State, that mourns, but it is the whole loyal Nation mourning for a great and good man. And well may they mourn, for we have indeed lost another father to his country.

We have no heart to give utterance to our feelings over this sad and terrible calamity which has come so unexpectedly upon the Nation. But the people cry aloud for vengeance. The spirits of the departed heroes who have fallen in this war, call for justice and the maimed and crippled soldiers now farming the country, demand it. Let every traitor now beware of the vengeance of an outraged people. Let every sympathizer with his accursed rebellion be marked, and no mercy shown him. Justice to the noble man who has just fallen by the hand of a traitor, also demands it to the fullest extent. Let the Traitors be felled, and should the event ever happen, that they should be asked for a direction to some friend in the United States, they can only reply in the words of the traitor, Arnold, "Alas, I have not one friend in America, not one!"

Admitted.

The following admissions have been made for the week ending April 18th:

12th.
Isaac Allen, G 8th Conn.
Johnson Dow, 12nd Art.
John W. Hill, Corp. B 1st Cav.
Amos A. Lucas, 2nd Art.
Clarke Osborn, Sergt. E 12th.
Gilbert Royce, 1st Cav.
Francis Shanley, K 11th.
13th.
John K. Keen, 5th
14th.
E. Alwood, Corp. E 20th
Asahel Austin, Sgt. I 20th
Townsend Brant, Sgt. G 1st Art.
Howard B. Brown, 1st 20th.
Charles J. Fish, C 7th
Russell Giam, Sergt. A 14th
Joseph Gabriel, I 20th
Stephen A. Goodrich, C 20th
John Hunter, F 6th
Asa H. Kidney, Sergt. C 5th
Peter McKenzie, I 20th.
William J. Noad, Sergt. F 5th.
Joel Oaks, H 7th
Myron Purdy, Corp. C 20th
H. M. Rogers, Corp. B 20th
James H. Rice, Corp. K 5th
Henry Rose, H 20th
William H. Stebbins, C 20th
Alfred Schofield, K 5th
L. M. Snow, Sergt. B 5th
C. E. Searls, D 6th
Thomas J. Webb, Sergt. B 6th
16th.
Henry Johnson, Corp. B 12th
George Robbins, B 16th
17th.
Thomas Loxey, K 20th
William Munson, Corp. M 2nd Art
Peter Moore, G 15th
Richard A. Turner, H 15th
John Wesley, B 41st Ohio
18th.
Isaac Roath, Corp. I 8th
Nicholas Tench, Sergt. B 1st Cav.

PRINTERS.—We presume that the reason printers are noted for their gallantry to the fair sex, and make such desirable beaux, is from the fact of their being accustomed to "setting up."

Feelings of the Soldiers.

The feelings of sadness that have for the last few days pervaded all classes of society, have been fully shared by the soldiers in this Hospital, and probably there are none who have more reason to sorrow than those who have been so long and so intimately connected with his aims and his labors as we have. Hardly a soldier in the whole army, but has seen him, been reviewed by him, and passed in review before him, time and again, until one and all had come to look upon him in the light of a father. No wonder, then, that the verification of the news caused tears to flow and hearts to ache.

As every where, our flags were draped in mourning, and the men generally signified their individual grief by wearing the usual badge. In the 9th ward, Sergeant Thorpe caused to be suspended at one end a large portrait of Mr. Lincoln, which was appropriately draped. This is the only ward we have noticed, but we presume the others will all follow his example soon.

Lieut. Pliny A. Jewett, of Co. E, 1st Conn. Cavalry, a nephew of Major Jewett, of this city, was killed on the 6th inst. in action at Burkesville, Va. Lieut. Jewett first entered the service as a private in 1862. He was taken prisoner and remained at Belle Isle for several weeks. He was in the first battles of the Wilderness, where he was prostrated by a sun stroke. He finally recovered from this, and returned to his regiment at Winchester, last winter, and took part in the recent campaigns of Sheridan, and was stricken down while that general was engaged in the pursuit of Lee. In his death one more hero is added to the long list of brave men who

country.—Comer. with indignation for our common Our cotemporary is mistaken in the rank. He was a Sergeant instead of Lieutenant.—Ed. Record.

We regret to have to record an accident, last Friday afternoon, to Major Jewett. He was riding home in his carriage, and when near the corner of Church and Chapel streets, was run into by a hose cart, his carriage smashed to pieces, and himself somewhat injured about the knee. He, however, manages to get around with the help of a cane, and attends to his duties at this Hospital, as usual.

The Hospital is now free from Small Pox. The last patient was taken from the Small Pox ward the other day, and the ward closed; so that friends and relatives of the inmates of this Hospital can now visit them without fear of this loathsome disease.

We would call the attention of the soldiers who have Bounties or back pay due them, or those wishing to make application for Pensions, to the Advertisement of S. B. Gilbert, which will be found in another column.

Fifty large tents are in course of erection at this Hospital. They will accommodate 350 patients, and when finished, the Hospital, it is calculated will accommodate with ease, 1,500 men.

We learn through the columns of the "Herald of the Union," that S. C. Bartlett, formerly a Cadet at this Hospital, is now in charge of a Naval Hospital at Wilmington, North Carolina.

KNIGHT HOSPITAL RECORD.

The following orders were read to the Officers and soldiers in this Hospital, at ten o'clock this morning:

General Orders—No. 66.

WAR DEP'T, ADJ. GENERAL'S OFFICE.
WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865.

The following order of the Secretary of War announces to the armies of the United States the untimely and lamentable death of the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865.

The distressing duty has devolved upon the Secretary of War to announce to the armies of the United States that at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 15th day of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States died of a mortal wound inflicted upon him by an assassin. The armies of the United States will share with their fellow citizens the feelings of grief and horror inspired by the most atrocious murder of their great and beloved President and Commander-in-Chief with profound sorrow, and mourn his death as a national calamity. The headquarters of every department, post, station, fort and arsenal, will be draped in mourning for thirty days, and appropriate funeral honors will be paid by every army, and in every department, and at every military post, and at the Military Academy at West Point, to the memory of the late illustrious Chief Magistrate of the nation and Commander-in-Chief of its armies. Lieutenant General Grant will give the necessary instructions for carrying this order into effect.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

On the day after the receipt of this order at the headquarters of every military division, department, army post, station, fort and arsenal, and at the Military Academy at West Point, the troops and cadets will be paraded at ten o'clock A. M., and the order read to them, after which all labor and operations for the day will cease and be suspended as far as practicable in a state of war. The national flag will be displayed at half-staff. At dawn of day thirteen guns will be fired, and afterwards at intervals of thirty minutes between the rising and the setting of the sun a single gun, and at the close of the day a national salute of thirty-six guns. The officers of the armies of the United States will wear the badge of mourning on the left arm and on their swords, and the colors of their commands and regiments will be put in mourning for the period of six months.

By command of
LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT.

W. A. NICHOLS, Ass. Adj. General.

KNIGHT U. S. GEN. HOSPITAL,
New Haven, Conn., April 19, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDERS
No. 72.

By direction of Lieutenant General Grant Commanding the Armies of the United States, the Commissioned Officers and Medical Staff on duty at this Hospital will wear the usual badge of mourning for the period of six months. Commissioned Officers on the left arm and sword hilt. Medical Staff on the left arm alone.

By order,

P. A. JEWETT,

Surgeon U. S. Vol's Comd'g Hospital.

JONATHAN W. BARLEY,

Capt. Vet. Res. Corps, Mil. Assistant.

The Last Hours of the President.

As every thing pertaining to the last hours of the late President must be interesting to the public, the following incidents of the last day of his life have been obtained from several sources:

His son, Captain Lincoln, breakfasted with him on Friday morning, having just returned from the capitulation of Lee, and the Presi-

dent passed a happy hour listening to all the details. While at breakfast he heard that Speaker Colfax was in the house, and sent word that he wished to see him immediately in the reception room. He conversed with him nearly an hour about his future policy as to the rebellion which he was about to submit to the Cabinet. Afterwards he had an interview with Mr. Hale, minister to Spain, and several Senators and Representatives.

At eleven o'clock the Cabinet and General Grant met with him, and in one of the most satisfactory and important Cabinet meetings held since his first inauguration; the future policy of the administration was harmoniously agreed on. When it adjourned Secretary Stanton said he felt that the government was stronger than at any previous period since the rebellion commenced.

In the afternoon the President had a long and pleasant interview with General Oglesby, Senator Yates and other leading citizens of his State. In the evening Mr. Colfax called again at his request, and Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, who presided over the Chicago Convention in 1860, was present. To them he spoke of his visit to Richmond and when the stated there was much uneasiness at the North while he was at the rebel capital for fear that some traitor might shoot him, he replied jocularly that he would have been alarmed himself if any other person had been President and gone there, but that he did not feel any danger whatever. Conversing on a matter of business with Mr. Ashmun, he made a remark that he saw Mr. Ashmun was surprised at, and immediately, with his well-known kindness of heart, said, "You did not understand me, Ashmun. I did not mean what you inferred, and I will take it all back and apologize for it." He afterwards gave Mr. Ashmun a card to admit himself and friend early the next morning to converse further about it.

Turning to Mr. Colfax, he said—"You are going with Mrs. Lincoln and me to the theatre I hope." But Mr. Colfax had other engagements, expecting to leave the city the next morning.

He then said to Mr. Colfax:—"Mr. Sumner has the gavel of the Confederate Congress, which he got at Richmond, to hand to the Secretary of War; but I insisted that he must give it to you, and you tell him for me to hand it over." Mr. Ashmun alluded to the gavel which he still had, and which he had used at the Chicago Convention, and the President and Mrs. Lincoln, (who was also in the parlor,) rose to go to the theatre. It was half an hour after the time they had intended to start, and they spoke about waiting half an hour longer; for the President went with reluctance, as General Grant had gone North, and he did not wish the people to be disappointed, as they had both been advertised to be there. At the door he stopped and said: "Colfax, do not forget to tell the people in the mining regions, as you pass through them, what I told you this morning about the development when peace comes, and I will telegraph you at San Francisco." He shook hands with both gentlemen, with a pleasant good by, and left the Executive mansion, never to return to it alive!

Death of Abraham Lincoln.

On the morning of April 15th, 1865, the telegraph wires flashed upon the country, the news of a deed that will live through all history, as one of the most daring, outrageous and damnable the world ever knew. It was nothing less than the assassination, in a public assemblage of American citizens, of a Chief Magistrate, twice chosen by them to

rule over their destinies, and guide them in their struggles against the encroachments of treason and rebellion. We all know what effect it had upon that people—they were astounded, dumbfounded, paralyzed—then prostrated with grief and sorrow, and finally aroused to a terrible rage; a rage which will work out a terrible revenge.

And what was the cause, and what will be the consequence of this horrible crime? History tells of the death of tyrants and despots, at the hands of the wronged. The French Revolution was the cause of daring tragedies and of street assassinations, blood-cold and horrible enough, but none that equalled this. Abraham Lincoln was a pure minded, noble-hearted, country-loving patriot, and by his last act he showed that he loved even his enemies. It was not, then, the revenge of wrongs that instigated the murderers. What was it?

As the perpetrator of many crimes, failed on every hand, and driven to the wall of despair and desperation, winds up his deeds by one that surpasses all previous ones in point of wickedness. So the perpetrators of the great national crime of rebellion, finding themselves driven to the wall of despair, turn with their dying gasp, and make a final venomous fling by thrusting at the very soul of the nation, by laying low in death the man who had extricated it from the toils of traitors and endeavored, not to force, but to win them back to their allegiance, honor and country, by open acts of unmerited kindness, and unlimited forgiveness.

For the present the assassins have escaped. Their whereabouts are unknown; but the chief among them is known everywhere, and by nearly every body, and if they are not immediately brought to justice, they will have no peace. They will be hunted, hunted, hunted, tracked, and tracked, hither and thither, from place to place, until finally conscious stricken, and with a full knowledge that they are hated and despised, will either surrender themselves eventually, or go before their God, (perhaps voluntarily,) and receive from Him a just and terrible punishment.

But the instigators—a great sin rests upon their heads, and revenge is ours. Refusing to accept the terms of Abraham Lincoln, they have to deal with Andrew Johnson and an outraged people, and they already have a slight foretaste of what that dealing will be. The Southern leaders will have an opportunity to feel the difference between the leniency of the man they've murdered, and the unrelenting awful revenge awaiting them at the hands of the hated Yankee nation. As their motto was a Latin one "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*," let ours be a plain English, "War for revenge—death and annihilation to traitors and assassins." G. H.

The names of soldiers returned to duty since our last issue are unavoidably crowded out of our columns this week.

KNIGHT HOSPITAL RECORD.

sure that ours had its share of that commodity. There were half a dozen or more, and the leader was one Toney Phillips, an inveterate joker and a totally irresponsible personage. On the occasion referred to he had by oversight got his belt on upside down, which reversed the U. S. on his belt plate. The Captain, observing it, called his attention to it by the remark that he would have to stand on his head in order to right it.—Now it happened that Tony could stand on his head, almost as well as on his feet, and suiting his actions to the Captain's words, immediately took that position, still holding his musket at a parade rest, the muzzle resting between his feet. All were convulsed with laughter, the Captain included, and naturally enough the Colonel's attention was attracted, who demanded, in his severest tone:

"Sir, what do you mean by such conduct? Are you not aware that you are liable to punishment?"

Toney replied, in his meekest manner:

"I don't know about that, sir, I got a belt-plate with the U. S. printed bottom upwards, and the Captain told me I'd have to stand on my head, and now if you can't read it, I don't know what in thunder to do."

Parade was dismissed.

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY DAVID J. PRATT, CO. I, 8TH C. V.

Still upon the field of battle,
I am lying, mother dear,
With my wounded comrades waiting
For the morning to appear.
Many sleep to waken never
In this world of strife and death,
And many more are faintly calling,
With their feeble, dying breath.

Oh, the first great charge was fearful,
And a thousand brave men fell,
Still, amid the dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell,
So amid the fatal shower,
I had nearly passed the day,
When then the howling shell struck me,
And I sunk amid the fray.

Oh, the glorious cheer of triumph,
When the foeman turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle,
Strewn with dying and with dead.
Oh, the torture and the anguish,
That I could not follow on,
But here, amid my fallen comrades,
I must wait till morning's dawn.

Dear Marion, when the moon with glory
In fair heaven's silvery sea, [brightens
And the field and streamlet lighten,
Maiden, wilt thou roam with me?
When all nature is reposing,
And the night is calm and free,
When my troubles ever loosing,
I would wander forth with thee.

A gallant soldier was once heard to say that his only measure of courage was this: Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight the remainder of the day as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All my limbs which I carried out of the field I regard as so much gained, or so much saved out of the fire.

An editor heads his list of births, marriages and deaths thus:— "Hatched, matched and dispatched." The rascal deserves to have his "face scratched."

1865. Spring Styles 1865. The Knight Hospital Record



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—and—

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Jan. 4 3m

BRADLEY & PRATT.

KNIGHT U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL STAFF.

P. A. JEWETT, SURGEON U. S. V.,
In Charge.

L. D. WILCOXSON, A. A. Surg. U. S. A.,
Executive Officer.

D. L. Daggett, A. A. Surg., U. S. A.
T. H. Bishop, do
T. B. Townsend, do
Worthington Hooker, do
W. B. Casey, do
F. H. Dibble, do
W. H. Thompson, do

Capt. J. W. BARREY, V. R. C, Mil. Asst.
Lieut. JAS. P. STEARNS, V. R. C.

J. B. CRANE, Chaplain.

Hospital Stewards.

L. Carrington,
Charles Morris,
Frank Bond.
Charles E. Lord.

General Ward Master, E. Downs.

CLERKS.

Charles Morris, Frank A. Brown,
William Hull, Frederick Berger,
Watson E. Bonfoey, John H. Tench,
A. W. Lyman, Q. M. C. H. Bissell,
Jerome Coan,
Wm. E. Dudley, P. M. William Inhoff,
Sanford Howard, John Lees,
Mail Carrier. Leonard Watrous.

Orderlies—J. R. Beul, B. Kennier.

Notice to Visitors.

1. The hours for Visiting are from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., Wednesday's.
2. Visitors will observe the Rules and Regulations of the Hospital.
3. They will under no circumstances take articles of diet into the Wards. Such articles will be delivered to the Medical Officer of the Day—who will see them distributed to those for whom they are intended—in accordance with the orders of the attending Surgeons.
4. The utmost quiet and decorum will be observed by Visitors in the Wards.
5. The observance of these Rules is necessary, both for the welfare of the patients, and the proper discipline of the Hospital. Those who fail to comply with them will be denied admittance in future.

P. A. JEWETT,
Surg. U. S. V. in charge.

The Knight Hospital Record

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT

KNIGHT U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL,

—BY—

L. J. MERCHANT.

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THE LOWEST PRICES

In the State!

BRYAN & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORING

—and—

GENT'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 1, Exchange Building, Church St.,

(First Store South of Tontine Hotel.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MILITARY WORK MADE TO ORDER.

MILITARY STEEL COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Apr 1 3m

S. B. GILBERT.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

General Claim Agent

(DULY LICENSED BY THE UNITED STATES.)

—APPLIES FOR—

United States Pensions, Bounties and Back Pay.

For Families of Deceased Soldiers, also for Discharged Soldiers.

\$100 Bounty due Soldiers discharged on account of wounds received in battle, promptly collected.

Claims against the State of Connecticut due Soldiers' families, and claims of every description promptly attended to.

Parties from out of the City can have their business done by mail, thereby saving the time and expense of travel. Letters of inquiry should enclose stamp.

141 Church street, Tontine Block, basement room, a few doors below City Hall.
Jan. 4 3m

STEPHEN B. GILBERT.

Two old New England Ministers were riding by a gallows, when the older one asked the other, "where would you be if that tree bore its proper fruit?" "Riding alone, sir," was the immediate reply.

A young man who had recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.